

**HUGE HALLOWE'EN COMPETITION INSIDE**

**MARVEL**  
4th Nov 89

# THE REAL

**Nº73 40p**

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# GH0STBUSTERS™





**H**oly pumpkin heads, it's Hallowe'en again! You know ... the time of year when all the hideous spooky horrors crawl out from their hiding places to have a little fun at the expense of poor, misguided humans! Anyway, the nightmare begins with **Hallowe'en Horror!** when The Ghostbusters find out that hideous looking monsters aren't all that they seem! Then we have a **spell-binding** spectacular for you in the form of **Which Witch is Which?** it's **Wizard!** At this time of increased supernatural activity, it really does seem as if the very Gates of Hell have been opened, because Peter is forced into another **hair-raising** adventure in **Hell Razor III!** It'll have you **bristling** with fear! Then, amongst the usual goodies, we have another monstrously good **COMPETITION** for you. It's a real Hallowe'en spectacular, in which you can win videos, books, games and costumes amongst other ghoulish goodies. **Magic!**

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE

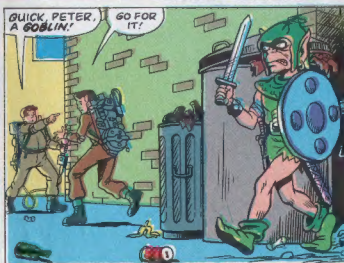


JANINE MELNITZ

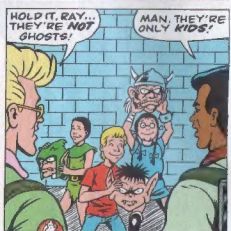
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# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

Last October I wrote a few lines explaining the true facts behind Hallowe'en. As far as most humans go, it's a time for parties, trick or treat and fancy dress. The reason that there's nothing to fear from big spooks on the night of the thirty-first is that they too are all at a massive knees-up in the Supercosmos. Twin sisters Kerry and Lee Churn wrote in asking for a few more details about the party, and after consulting Vonda-huck, Tobin and Tatler, I'm happy to oblige.

### THE SUPERCOSMOS HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Held on the thirty-first of every year, this massive party is the one time all the spooks forget their differences and come together to eat, drink, listen to Patsy Kensit records and be merry. The party is to celebrate the first ever haunting, which happened nearly two point three million years ago, when Gozer, bored at the end of its nine thousand and fiftieth game of scrabble with H'Hlortmsss, sat back and said 'I'm bored. Let's pop next door into that other dimension and scare the heebie-jeebies out of those funny, hairy ape-creatures.' The venue of the party changes from time to time. For the last seventy-seven years it has been held at Bopplenozyworp's place down in the Chasm of



## PART 73

Despair, but, after complaints from the neighbours last year Bopplenozyworp has declined to be this year's host. The complaints came during the 'Who can burp loudest competition' that was eventually won by Ponquadrager, who registered 12.7 on the Richter scale after nine pints of cherry cola, and caused a tidal wave in the Baltic. 'Besides' he says, 'I have the Devil's own job getting the stains out of the rugs.' Instead, this year's bash will be held at the restaurant-come-nightclub run by 'Cool' Zuul up on the Jagged Peaks of Monumental Suffering. Zuul went on record in an interview with the *Pandemonium Gazette* and Argos as saying 'this year's event will be a much higher class than those

## GUIDE

depraved evenings of brimstone-abuse and fiend-bonding that used to go on down in the Chasm. Dress will be the obligatory tuxedo and formal pointy teeth, and no one in casual horns, or scuffed Numbly boots, will be let in. Thulking straps are definitely the order of the day.'

The menu is reported to include roast knees, *pâté de jeune homme*, fillet of aristocrat, beetle crispies and combine harvesters flambéd and served 'à point' on a bed of baby skunks and assorted socks. Yum yum. It is even rumoured that ol' black eyes himself, Slaving Yikk Yikksturbal, has been persuaded to come back out of retirement and perform some of his classics such as 'Smoke gets in your lungs', 'I'm in the mood for pillaging' and 'I've got you under my anvil'.

As ever, the party will be the setting for the annual award ceremonies for the following categories: 'Worst and most sulphurous pong in the Universe', 'Best performance by a Class three, or below, in a supporting, toadie or general lackey-ish role' and the 'afterlifetime achievement' award. Look out too for the 'Familiar of the year' trophy and the ever popular games of trident chucking, 1500 metres freestyle teleporting and ducking for apple farmers. Here's hoping it all goes well...

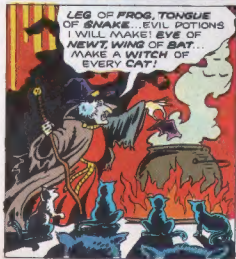


# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

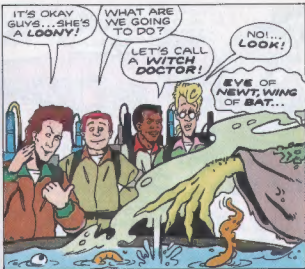


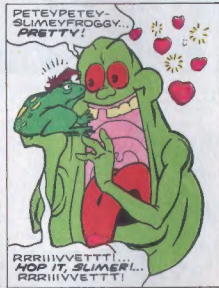
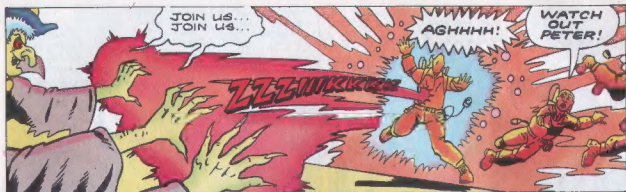
Story JOHN CARNELL ② Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and CAM SMITH ② Lettering DOZY ② Colouring EUAN PETERS

LATER...













# SPOOKY

## SPECTACULAR

### HALLOWE'EN COMPETITION!



**Tempo**  
STORY TAPES  
*Collins*



Spearhead Industries Ltd  
Southwell Notts NG25 0JH  
Spearhead Industries Ltd 1988

Spooky spectres, wicked witches, macabre monsters and things that go bump in the night! Yes, Hallowe'en is here to scare you senseless again and to celebrate the fact we have for you here a monstrosly good Hallowe'en Competition, with huge amounts of horrific prizes to give away! This really is an opportunity that you can't miss, firstly because you know you'd regret it and secondly, because if you don't send in your entry all those Hallowe'en beasts will get very angry!

#### PRIZES:

There will be **TWENTY PRIZE WINNERS** in all and each lucky winner will receive the following:

- ★ Four **TEMPO VIDEOS** consisting of CHARLES DICKENS GHOST STORIES, THE MAD SCIENTIST, THE GREAT BEAR SCARE and a NEW ARCHIES compilation tape.
- ★ A **TEMPO AUDIO-CASSETTE** entitled GHOST HORROR TALES.
- ★ 'WORLD MYSTERIES-GHOSTS AND THE SUPERNATURAL' from **COLLINS**.
- ★ 'THE GHOST OF CREEPY CASTLE', a pop-up book from **COLLINS**.
- ★ Three **COLLINS LIONS** paperbacks entitled 'SPOOKS', 'VAMPIRES' and 'WITCHES'.
- ★ Two **COLLINS ARMADA** books entitled 'A SHRIEK OF SPOOKS' and 'GHOSTLY GAGS'.
- ★ A **SPEARHEAD** SHRIEKS AND CREAKS game.
- ★ A **SPEARHEAD** MASK, COSTUME SET, WITCH'S HAT, BROOMSTICK and SPOOK HORN.

Balloons supplied by 'BALLOONS OVER BRITAIN'.

T	R	I	C	K	O	R	T	R	E	A	T
W	D	A	A	J	C	E	B	Z	G	S	P
N	S	D	U	A	X	M	A	G	I	C	B
S	P	E	L	L	F	B	T	D	P	O	R
S	G	C	D	F	G	K	R	C	U	V	O
B	W	A	R	L	O	C	K	L	M	E	O
Z	I	X	O	C	V	A	B	N	P	N	M
A	T	S	N	D	F	T	G	H	K	J	S
L	C	Q	W	Y	E	R	U	A	I	Z	T
Y	H	A	L	L	O	W	E	E	N	V	I
T	Q	W	O	A	L	D	C	L	K	O	C
A	D	S	O	R	C	E	R	Y	W	J	K

BAT  
BROOMSTICK  
CAT  
CAULDRON  
COVEN  
MAGIC  
PUMPKIN  
SORCERY  
SPELL  
TRICK OR TREAT  
WARLOCK  
WITCH



Name: .....  
Address: .....  
Age: .....



**HOW TO ENTER.** Here's what you do. Simply find the spooky words hidden in our WORD-SEARCH pictured on this page and put a ring around each one. There are twelve words listed but there is a mystery thirteenth word (unlucky for some) which you will have to guess for yourself! When you have found all thirteen, fill in the entry coupon and send it along with the completed word-search to this address: THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS HALLOWE'EN COMPETITION, MARVEL COMICS, 13/15 ARUNDEL STREET, LONDON WC2R 3DX.  
Entries should arrive no later than Friday, 17th November 1989.

Prizes will be awarded to the first twenty correct entries examined after the closing date.

**NOTE:** This competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd. and the other companies concerned. The editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in due course.

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEEDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL



*Monday, October 30th 1989*

You can't imagine how busy we've all been this week.

Poltergeists, inter-dimensional demons, fraggits, verbils and hoolighouls – it seemed like someone, or something, was organising a mass attack on our dimension from beyond. Egon explained that it was all because we were approaching Hallowe'en. It's probably the most dangerous time of the year for Ghostbusters, because the forces of the paranormal are at their strongest. It's something complicated to do with dimensional interphases, planetary aspects and the diurnal flow. To me, busting fourteen ghosts in one day was just hard work, never mind the diurnal flow, you know? Despite all the mysterious goings on with ghosts appearing everywhere you'd expect them (including places we'd cleared of ghosts months ago) Egon seemed unperturbed. Peter pointed out that twenty Mammoth herder ghosts, from two million years BC, rampaging through Central Park was not an everyday occurrence. Egon, though, was quick to counter that the *really* dangerous Hallowe'en wouldn't be due for at least three years, when those planetary aspects would definitely cause all manner of problems.

All over New York, kids seemed totally unphased by all the troubles and were preparing for Hallowe'en in the normal way. Well, they are New Yorkers, after all. Every bust I went on, you could guarantee that at some point I'd come across someone making a fancy ghost or demon costume, or making a Pumpkin lantern. Now I didn't see any connection at first . . .

"You know," said Ray, munching a sandwich with Slimer in the Ghostbusters HQ kitchen, "I must have seen at least fifty kids making masks and lanterns for Hallowe'en today." "Same here," put in Peter, who was trying to find something edible in the refrigerator. "Last bust I went on, there were piles of lanterns just

waiting to go up outside all the doors in this apartment block."

"They're supposed to ward off evil spirits," I mentioned.

"Funny how there seem to be so many of them this year."

It was as if all these people were being instructed to make the lanterns and costumes. This was odd because the big news story was "MONSTER GHOUL RAMPAGES THROUGH TOBAGO", and since everyone was really interested in that story, Hallowe'en preparations had been quietly shunted to Page Twenty-four of most newspapers, even *The Witches Hexpress*. While I was pondering this, Egon burst into the kitchen, in his hand a calculator, which was furiously churning out a stream of paper with all sorts of weird-looking sums on it.

"Er guys, I think we might be in serious trouble here," he muttered, touching his glasses with one finger and jabbing at a button on the calculator with another. "Remember that I said that we weren't due for a really bad Hallowe'en for at least three years?"

"Don't tell me – you got the dates completely wrong," I replied instantly, looking around for my Proton Pack and Gun.

"Well, I miscalculated . . ." shrugged Egon. "Anyone can make mistakes. The fact is, the *really* bad Hallowe'en is tomorrow."

"Just how bad, Egon?" Peter asked casually, going a polite shade of white.

"On a scale of one to ten?"

"Just a rough idea," gibbered Ray.

"Twelve," replied Egon.

"Yeeeeeerk!" squealed Slimer, who proceeded to hide in the refrigerator.

Egon pulled out a large map of New York and laid it out on the kitchen tables. "I've assimilated all the latest busts on this map," he explained, pointing at various red blobs in a large triangular area. "With that information, I estimate the most probable centre of any major psychic intrusion into this dimension is about – hang on, where did

that red blob come from?"

"Sorry," said Ray, wiping the jam from his sandwich off the map which neatly covered Ghostbusters HQ. "Hmm," said Egon. "The site of the paranormal intrusion..."

"Incredibly frightening ghostly invasion you mean," Peter pointed out, quietly. "Is about here!" Egon stabbed down at the twin towers of the World Trade Centre.



"Let's go," I said "Or we may have more work than we can possibly handle tomorrow!"

"So you see," said Egon, as ECTO-1 pulled into the plaza of the World Trade Centre, "Whatever demonic force is preparing to invade, it's been sending out instructions to humans to make Hallowe'en masks and Pumpkin lanterns."

"I think I understand," I said, "So instead of scaring off evil spirits, the lanterns will be like landing lights – for ghosts to home in on?"

"I suspect the gap between the two World Trade Centres will be used as some sort of inter-dimensional gateway," added Egon.

"This gateway," said Ray, stopping ECTO-1. "Does it look all red and orange, with stars and indescribably ugly looking things ready to come through it?"

"It might," replied Egon, looking at Ray. "How did you guess?" "I wasn't guessing," replied Ray. "Look!"

Right in front of us, a seven foot tall wraith-like creature with a Pumpkin for a head was dancing around something that looked very much like an inter-dimensional gateway. If it wasn't an inter-dimensional gateway, it sure knew how to impersonate one. It glowed from green to blue, then from red to orange. Stars and indescribably ugly things seemed ready to burst out of it as we got out of the car and, Proton Guns raised, wandered towards the wraith.

It seemed to sense us and turned, cackling. I hate it when ghosts cackle, it sounds so clichéd.

"You're too late, Ghostbusters!" it screamed, "My plan to bring the evil power of Skadjarix to Earth is nearly complete."

"Skadjarix?" whispered Ray.

"Just a little decimal point off the fifth dimension," replied Egon, also whispering, "Very unpleas-"

"STOP WHISPERING!" screamed the Pumpkin head "On this Hallowe'en, I am invincible! Neither your earthly science, nor your pathetic weapons – nothing can hurt me on this day!"

"On Hallowe'en?" I said, grinning and raising my Proton Gun.

"But that's tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow?" squeaked the monster, it's eyes broadening with fear. "Ooops!"

We all raised our Proton Guns and got ready to fire.

"Ah well," shrugged the wraith, "Anyone can make mistakes!"


Egon fired first. "I hate people reminding me I was wrong," he shouted.

Looks like it'll be a good, quiet Hallowe'en after all...










# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



As strange as it may seem, a man named Terry Palmer was about to become the victim of a possession. It was no ordinary possession either, for the spirit which took over his body was that of a woman—namely the last witch to have been burned at the stake in England!

The witch, whose name was Elsa, had apparently been tortured and then burned to death on the village green of the old Essex village of Dedham, in the year of 1763.

Palmer became involved in the affair when he decided to search for the final resting place of Elsa the witch. From this moment, inexplicable and unnerving happenings began to take place with frightening regularity.

The first sign of things to come occurred when

Terry attended a seance in which he hoped to discover a clue to the witch's burial place. Instead, however, Terry was to have his own body possessed by Elsa herself! She said to him that she would remain with him always and would do so forever, no matter where his travels took him!

Naturally, Terry was a little shocked by this experience, but it did not deter him in any way, rather it inspired him to continue in his quest.

Animals, however, seemed to sense that there was something unusual about him. In two separate incidents dogs barked furiously, not only at Terry, but at the empty space behind him!

Then more disturbingly, Terry's father became possessed by some unusually ferocious spirits (not being one to feel left out!) and shortly

after, the fire raged through his factory causing enormous and expensive damage.

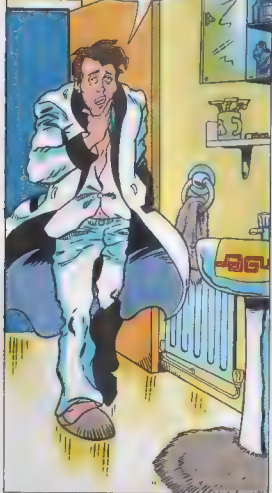
Finally, Terry found the place which he believed to be the spot where Elsa was buried. Certainly it was not far from the place of her execution and when he stood on the place he felt an odd tingling sensation from the back of his head to his spine! He dug into the earth, but found nothing and so his story was treated cynically by the locals in the nearby hotel. That was until one day the barman was viewing the empty bar through a mirror when he saw a woman standing in the room! When he went round to serve her, the room was empty and all the doors were locked! The horror of it!

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## HELL RAZOR II

EARLY MORNING, GHOSTBUSTERS HQ...

URRRGGGHH!  
IF THERE'S  
ONE THING I HATE  
ABOUT GETTING  
UP EARLY...IT'S  
SHAVING!



SINCE THE CLOSE  
SHAVE WITH THAT  
HELL RAZOR...



I'VE BEEN USING  
DISPOSABLE  
RAZORS! THEY'RE  
MUCH SAFER!



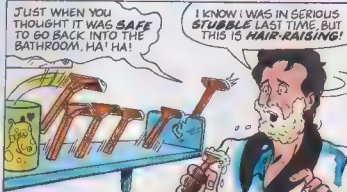
I HAVEN'T CUT  
MYSELF **ONCE**  
YET **OUCH!**



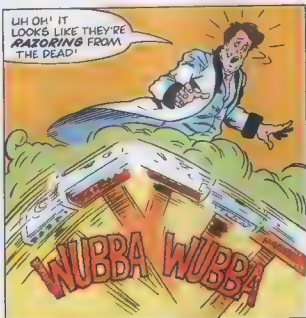
OH NO! I DON'T BELIEVE  
IT! A **DEMON**  
**DISPOSABLE!**



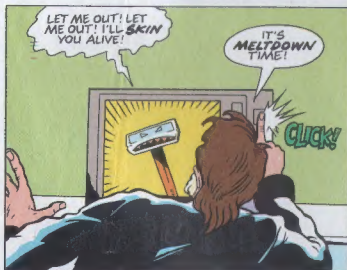
JUST WHEN YOU  
THOUGHT IT WAS **SAFE**  
TO GO BACK INTO THE  
BATHROOM, HA! HA!



I KNOW I WAS IN **SERIOUS**  
**STUBBLE** LAST TIME, BUT  
THIS IS **HAIR-RAISING!**







# GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Yep, you guessed it... it's Paranormal Post-bag time. Have you any ectoplasmic enquiries? If so, then write in to the experts. No, I meant here, silly!

**Dear Peter...**

Why is it that you all keep referring to the God who changed into Mr Staypuft as Zuul? His name was actually Gozer. Zuul was the name of the Terror Dog who possessed Dana (so you at least should have known better!)

P.S. Will there be another readers' poll in the comic later on?

— Melissa Hyland, Tiptree

You're quite right, of course, only Mr Staypuft wasn't the God, but the form of Destruction created by the God. Also, Gozer was a woman. Once you've met one weirdo spook, you've met them all, really!

P.S. Yes!

I am the leader of a non-government organization named P.I.T. (Paranormal Investigation Team). As P.I.T. is a newly-formed organization and has no scientific equipment yet, I would like to ask you and your fellow Ghostbusters a question. When faced with a ghost or demon, what action could you take other than run away or, in your case, 'blast it'?

— Light Speed, P.I.T. HQ, Manchester

*Rivals, huh? Well, I could tell you that the best advice is to call in the Real professionals! But I won't. Without any scientific weaponry, however, I think your chances of being able to deal with a spook are pretty slim. So, until you have armed yourself, I would say 'run like hell and twice as fast'!*

This will scare you a lot... When I turned off my new light, an orange outline of Mr Staypuft appeared!

1. Who cleans your jumpsuits and Proton Packs?

2. What's it like to bust ghosts?

— Thomas and Adam Draper, Radlett

*Thanks for your letter, guys. Spooky! Real spooky! 1. Look, we're all grown men. We can handle ourselves in a crisis. We know how to wash a boilersuit and a Proton Pack or two when we have to, okay? 2. Busting ghosts is like nothing else on earth. It's exciting, dangerous, messy, spooky and it brings in the rent as well!*

I would like to ask you some questions:

1. What made Slimer your buddy?  
2. Why can't Slimer pronounce words properly?

— Tim Hill, Hastings

*1. I think it was love at first sight on Slimer's behalf. One slime and he was hooked! 2. I suppose anyone (or anything) with a tongue that big and yuckily ectoplasmic would have trouble pronouncing their words!*

Why does Slimer always slime you and also, my sister wants to know what ectoplasm is made out of?

— Andrew Farrell, Prescott

*Force of habit, Andy. Ectoplasm. Well, what can I say, it's made of ectoplasm really, in the same way that metal is made of metal! What else?*

You are my favourite character and I would like you to answer my questions.

1. What kind of car is ECTO-1?  
2. Who taught Egon all the scientific things which he knows?

— Stuart Cairns, Wolverhampton.

*Thanks for your letter, Stu. 1. ECTO-1 is a Cadillac ambulance, and a very groovy one it is, too! 2. Egon, apart from being very gifted as a scientist, had a considerable amount of training in Universities and at Research Institutes.*

**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**

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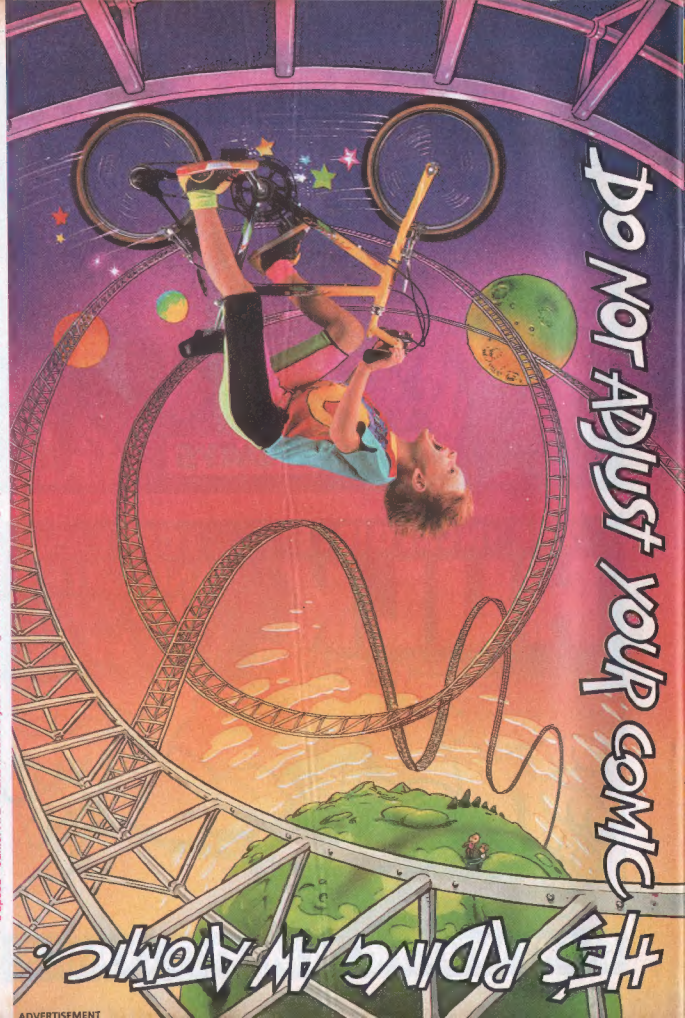




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